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Andy

Fear is the emotion of the world. It has but one. Its forms are many --call them what you will--but it is one in content. Never far, even in form, from what its ~~purpose~~ purpose is, never with power to escape its cause, and never but a counterfeit of peace, it rests uncertainly upon a bed of lies. Here it was born and sheltered by its seeming comfort. Here it remains where it was born, and where its end will come. For here is nothingness, where neither ~~my~~ birth nor death is real, nor any form in the misshapen mind that spawned it has any meaning in the Mind of God.

If you were certain--wholly sure and with constant grasp of what the world can give--fear would be laid aside as easily as joy and peace unite on love's behalf. But first there must be certainty that there can be no love where fear exists, and that the world will never give a gift that is not made of fear, concealed perhaps, but surely present somewhere in the gift. Accept it not, and you will understand a gift far greater has been given you.

Let not the world deceive you. It was made to be deception. Yet its snares can be so easily escaped a little child can walk through safely, and without a care that would arrest its progress. Dreams are dreams, and everyone is equally untrue. This is the only lesson to be learned. Yet will fear linger until everyone is recognized as nothingness, and seen exactly as it is and nothing more. There is no person, thing, or circumstance that you can value as your own without the "gift" of fear arising in your heart. For you have seen them all as they are not, and love for them has fled as if from you. And you will think that God has ceased to care for you who have betrayed the Son He loves, and chosen fear and guilt to be ^{your} their friends.

Does God deceive or does the world? For it is sure that one must lie. There is no point at which their thoughts agree, their gifts unite in kind or purpose. What you take from one the other will obscure. There is no hope of compromise

in this. Nor can there be a shifting of the mind between the two without the fear that every dream must bring. How fearful it must be to see yourself as maker of reality and truth, the lord (ruler) of destiny and time's domain, and arbiter appointed for the world.

Dreams never change. Remember only this, but do not let it slip away at times and let yourself give way to fear again. Deny the dream but do not fail the truth, for what is true alone will never fail. All else deceives; all else will terrify; and even when it seems to please the most it brings with it a heavy cost of pain. Be free of suffering now. There is no cost for any gift that comes to you from God. His way is certain, for His gifts remain forever as He gave them. Do not think that fear can enter where His gifts abide. But do not think His gifts can be received where fear has entered and has touched your sight with gross distortions that the world thinks real.

There are no scraps of dreams. Each one contains the whole of fear, the opposite of love (in all its ways), the hell that hides the memory of God, the crucifixion of His holy Son. Therefore, be vigilant against them all, for in their single purpose they are one, and hell is total. It can seem to be forever for this lesson to be learned, and yet it need not be. I come to speak in time of timelessness. Have you not learned the pain of dreaming yet? There is no need to hug it to your heart, and to forget the dreadful cost of salvaging despair and building up deceptions once again.

The tiniest of dreams, the smallest wish for values of the world is large enough to stand between you and the sweet release that God would offer you. He cannot choose to change His Son, nor make your mind accept the perfect freedom He has given you. Yet it is certain you will turn to Him and suddenly remember. But be sure of this and do not let it slip away;

What God has joined is one. And one as well is everything that fear has made to be the great deceiver and the substitute for God's

creation. You can choose but one, and which you choose is total. Everything the world can offer promises some joy that it will never give. And everything that God has promised you will never fail in anything. No need will be unmet, no hurt unhealed, no sorrow kept unchanged, no darkness undispeled. The smallest pain will vanish suddenly before His gifts.

An unremembered world will leave no trace behind its going, when God's gifts have been accepted as the only thing you want. ^(a) "Choose once again" is still your only hope. Darkness cannot conceal the gifts of God unless you want it so. In peace I come, and urge you now to make an end to time and step into eternity with me. (There will not be a change that eyes can see, nor will you disappear from things of time.) But you will hold my hand as you return because we come together. Now the hosts of Heaven come with us, To sweep away all vestiges of dreams and every thought that rests on nothingness.

How dear are you to God, He asks but that you walk with me and bring His light into a sickened world which fear has drained of love and life and hope. Surely you will not fail to hear my call, For I have never failed to hear your cries of pain and grief (agony). And I have come to save and to redeem the world at last from fear. It never was, nor is, nor yet will be what you imagine. Let me see for you, and judge for you what you would look upon. When you have seen with me but once, you would no longer value any fearful thing at cost of glory and the peace of God.

This is my offering: A quiet world, with gentle ordering and kindly thoughts, alive with hope and radiant in joy, without the smallest bitterness of fear upon its loveliness. Accept this now, for I have waited long to give this gift to you. I offer it in place of fear and all the "gifts" of fear. Can you choose otherwise, when all the world is standing breathless, waiting on your choice? Come now to me and we will go to God. There is no way that we can go alone. But when we come together there can be no way in which the Word of God can fail. For His the Word that makes us one in Him, and mine the Voice that speaks this Word to you.

Date: February 9, 1978

2/9/78 *Lucy*
How can you be delivered from all gifts the world has offered you? How can you change these little, cruel offerings for those that Heaven gives and God would have you keep? Open your hands, and give all things to me that you have held against your holiness and kept as slander on the Son of God. Practice with every one you recognize as what it is. Give me these worthless things the instant that you see them through my eyes (sight) and understand their cost. Then give away these bitter ~~dreams~~ dreams as you perceive them now to be but that, and nothing more than that.

I take them ~~gladly~~ from you gladly, laying them beside the gifts of God that He has placed upon the altar to His Son. And these I give to you to take the place of those you gave away in mercy ^{give to me} ~~for~~ on yourself. These are the gifts I ask, and only these. For as you lay them by you reach to me, and I can come as savior then to you. The gifts of God are in my hands, to give to anyone who would exchange the world for Heaven. You need only call my Name, and ask me to accept the gift of pain from willing hands that would be laid in mine, with thorns laid down ~~(by)~~ and nails long thrown away as one by one the sorry gifts of earth are joyously relinquished. In my hands is everything you want and need and hoped to find among the shabby toys of earth. ~~I~~ I take them all from you and they are gone. And shining in the place where once they stood there is a gateway to another world through which we enter in the Name of God.

Father, we thank You for these gifts that we have found ~~you~~ together. Here we are redeemed. For it is here we joined, and from this place of holy joining we will come to You because we recognize the gifts You gave and would have nothing else. Each hand that finds its way to mine will take ~~(have)~~ ^{have} ~~the gifts~~ Your gifts from me, and as we look together on the place whereon I laid your worthless gifts for you, we will see nothing but the gifts of God reflected in the shining round our heads. ¹⁰⁰ Holy are we who know our holiness, for it is You Who shine Your light on us, and we are thankful, in ~~our~~ Father's

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Name Your ancient Name, that You have not forgotten. What we thought we made
of You has merely disappeared, and with its going are the images we made of Your
creation gone as well. And it is finished. Now into Your hands ~~we put~~ ^{For we now say, Amen!}
~~give again~~ ^(after us) the spirit of Your Son who seemed to lose his way a little while but
The gifts of fear, the dream of death, are done.
never left the safety of Your Love. And we give thanks. And we give thanks.
Amen.

Date: February 11, 1978

February 11, 1978

Illusions are made as substitutes for truth, for which no substitutes are possible. Creator separate from creation was the first illusion, where all gifts of fear were born. For now creation could not belike its Creator, who could never leave what He Himself created part of Him. Now must there be a substitute for love, which cannot have an opposite in truth, and being all, can have no substitute. ^a So fear was made, and with it came the need for gifts to lend the substance to the dream in which there is no substance. Now the dream seems to have value, for its offerings appear as hope and strength and even love, if only for an instant. They content the frightened dreamer for a little while, and let him not remember the first dream which gifts of fear but offer him again.

The seeming solace of illusions' gifts are now his armor, and the sword he hoards to save himself from waking. For before he could awaken, he would first be forced to call to mind the first dream once again. ^{It} It is not God who asks a price of him, but having drawn a veil across the truth, he now must let the veil be drawn away so that its lack of substance can be seen. No one would ^{have} hesitate to let a dream of shock and terror, merciless decay ^{and} and sickening contortions, ~~(convulsions, corruptions)~~, with despair always in sight and death not far behind, if he believed that it ^{were} ~~was~~ but a dream. Yet if he thinks that he must first go through a greater terror still, he must see hope in what will now appear the "better" dream.

And now he seeks within his dream to find what gifts it may contain. What can you get within its shadows? Who can save you now by giving you the love you threw away? What can you learn to do to make yourself a master over others? What is there that is your special gift within the dream? Find these and do not waken from the dream, for it can give you what you think you lack. ^{But} And if you waken, all its gifts will go, your armor and your sword will disappear, and vultures, always circling overhead, will claim you as their lawful prey at last.

O children of the Father you forgot, you have not put your idols in ~~your~~ His place, nor made Him give the gifts of fear you made. Let me be Savior from illusions. Truth may be concealed from you by evil dreams, but it is only from the dreams that you have need from saving. Truth is still untouched by your deceptions. ^{Yet} But you cannot go past that first dream without a Savior's hand in yours. Each gift of fear would hold you back unless you let me lift it from your mind by showing you that it is but a dream within a larger dream of hopelessness in which there is no hope. Take not its gifts, for they condemn you to a lasting hell which will endure when all the seeming joy the gifts appeared to give have passed away.

Do not be tempted. Do not fall away into the shadows, and a deeper sleep in which the waking seems to be the dream. Help me give you salvation. Let us share the strength of Christ, and look upon the dream in which illusions started, and which serve to ~~give~~ keep their birthplace secret and apart from the illumination of the truth. Come unto me. There is no need to dream of an escape from dreaming. It will fail. For if the dream were real, escape would be impossible, and there would be no hope except illusions. Do not yield to this. It is not so. For I am not a dream that comes in mockery. Salvation needs your help as well as mine. Do not forget you do not answer for yourself alone.

My call to you is that you offer help from all the dreams the holy Son of God imagines, from the time that first of dreams was given false reality until all dreaming ends forever. Could a gift be holier than this? And could the need within a world of dreams be more acute or more compelling? Give me help in this, and not one gift the world may seek to give, ^{nor} ~~or~~ one illusion held against the truth, can bind you longer. Time can have no sway upon you, nor can any laws of earth have power over you. Your hands will heal, and give the gifts that you accept of me.

How joyful and how holy is our way when death has no dominion, and the

dream of separation, agony and loss has been dispelled forever. Do not think that anything the gifts of fear hold out is worth an instant's hesitation, when the gate of Heaven stands before you and the Christ of God is waiting your return. Be still and hear Him, for His call to you could not be more insistent nor more dear, for it is but the call of Love itself, which will not cease to speak of God to you. You have forgot. But He is faithful still, because He is so like His Father He remembers Him forever in His Love. And He cannot forget creation is inseparable from Creator, so He understands that you are part of God, and of the Son created like Himself.

How dear are you ^(of His Christ) to Him, a part in which ^(He) His Self in Whom is every gift of God forever laid, without whom is Christ incomplete, who is completion of His Father. Can a dream destroy a truth so holy and so pure that it encompasses all truth, and leaves nothing beyond itself? Can you betray a love so perfect that its gifts become itself in oneness, and this single gift is all there is to give and to receive? ~~For~~ O come and let creation be again all that it always was and still ~~be~~ will be forever and forever. Let the dream of time be given its appointed end, and let God's Son have mercy on himself.

There is a silence covering the world that was an ancient dream so long ago, no one remembers now. Its time is done, and in the little space it seemed to have ^(own) is nothingness. The dream has gone, and all its dreams of gifts have disappeared as well. The first dream has been seen and understood for merely an illusion of the fear on which the world was based. ~~Beyond~~ beyond the dream, reaching to everything, embracing all, creation and Creator still remain in perfect harmony and perfect love.

This is beyond the gate at which we stand. And shall we stay to wait upon a dream? Your holiness is mine, and mine is His. Here is His gift, complete and undefiled. It is Himself He gives, and it is this that is the truth in you.

How beautiful are you who stand beside me at the gate, and call with me that ^(ask) everyone may come and step aside from time. Put ~~me~~ out your hand to touch eternity and disappear into its perfect rest. Here is the peace that God intended for the ~~Child~~ (Son) He loves. Enter with me and let its quietness cover the earth forever. It is done. (Father, your Voice has called us home at last.) Gone is the dream. Awake, My Child, in love.